

Smelling God's Glory

They say when you lack a sense other senses sharpen up. I'm not sure, but I do know I smell well! Not that I smell good - I know sometimes I don't - but I can smell things that go on. I know when my mother is cooking, I know when the sun is shining, I know when the fruit on the tree is ripe - I can smell it!

I also know whose around - I know how my friends smell. Which means I also know when someone new is about - a new smell.

So I think I smelt him first - a new smell. I took a deep breath and I knew he was there. So I shouted out "Jesus - son of David - have mercy on me!" I embarrassed some of the people around me, but I called out all the same - I knew he was there, and I knew he could help.

Then the smell got stronger, and I knew he was right in front of me. I could smell his sweat, I could smell his hair, I could smell his clothes (and they weren't that clean!). Then I could smell his hands and I felt him touch my face. Then I started to see.

Weird shapes, all around me, light, colour, movement. So I went to smell everything I saw to put shapes and colours to the smells I knew so well. I saw what my favourite fruit looked like, I saw where my house was, and I saw my mum, and I smelt she was cooking my favourite food.

(c) Anne Sardeson "out of the box" publications 2012